

JUNE  
No. 19

# BLACKHAWK



10¢

**CALLS FOR  
ACTION!**







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BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



**IN SALUTE TO THE  
BATTLEERS for JUSTICE!**

This is a message to the  
people of the next  
century—

We of our own era don't  
know what dangers may  
face you, but we know  
**ONE** danger that will  
be missing! The  
scoundrel of science,  
Dr. **OMEGA**, planned  
to survive from our  
age to yours—as an  
oppressor and enslaver!

And it was **BLACKHAWK**  
and his band of  
fighters for freedom,  
who destroyed his  
threat to you!



The Blackhawks patrol the skies high over unknown peaks...

BLACKHAWK, ARE YOU TRYING TO SIGNAL ME SOME NEW WAY, OR DO I PICK UP SOME FUNNY INTERFERENCE ON MY RADIO?

I GET THAT SAME INTERFERENCE ON MINE, STANISLAUS! A POWER STATION SOMEWHERE, OF SOME PECULIAR MAKE!

BUT WHAT POWER STATION WOULD BE LOCATED IN THIS DESERTED MOUNTAIN REGION?

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE FIND OUT? ALL PLANES TUNE IN ON THAT INTERFERENCE BEAM AND WE'LL FOLLOW IT TO WHEREVER IT COMES FROM!



I'VE GOT IT! THE BEAM COMES FROM BETWEEN THOSE PEAKS! FOLLOW ME!

ROGER! HERE WE COME!

LAND ON THIS LEDGE AND GET OUT! WE'RE RIGHT ON IT!

ONLY THE BLACKHAWKS COULD LAND ON THIS POSTAGE STAMP SPACE!



ARE WE ALL HERE? ANDRE... OLAF... HENDRICKSON...

JE SUIS ICI!

HYAR, BY YIMMINY!

UND ME, TOO!



STANISLAUS... CHUCK... AND CHOP CHOP!

CHOP CHOP ALWAYS ANSWER LOLL CALL! CAN DO!





# BLACKHAWK





AAA---YES, INDEED! I THOUGHT THEY WERE AS FIERCE A BAND OF KILLERS AS WERE EVER GATHERED TOGETHER--- BUT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE INFINITELY BETTER!

WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I AM CALLED DR. OMEGA! BY TRAINING I'M A SCIENTIST--- BY PREFERENCE A **HERMIT!** I CAME TO THIS LONELY PLACE BECAUSE I FEAR THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL DESTROY ITSELF! MY SERVANTS FOLLOWED ME--- BUT AS YOU JUST FOUND OUT, THEY'RE TOO FIERCE TO OBEY MY ORDERS!

THEY WERE TOO FIERCE, YOU MEAN! IN DEFENDING OURSELVES WE FINISHED THEM! YOU SEEM TO BE GLAD!

GLAD IS THE EXACT WORD! ACCEPT MY THANKS, AND ALSO MY HOSPITALITY! COME IN!

FOLLOW ME, MEN, BUT KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE FILLED YOUR MOUNTAIN CAVE WITH ENOUGH SUPPLIES TO LAST FOR YEARS!

AS I SAY, I THINK THE OUTSIDE WORLD WILL DESTROY ITSELF--- OUR CIVILIZATION AND THE MEN WHO MAKE IT WILL DISAPPEAR IN THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS!

MY SCIENTIFIC STUDIES CONVINCE ME OF MORE WARS, PLAGUES AND FAMINES! THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT IS DOOMED!

NOT IF GOOD MEN WORK TO SAVE IT--- INSTEAD OF HIDING FROM THEIR DUTY AS YOU SEEM TO BE DOING!

WE CALL OURSELVES THE BLACKHAWKS! WE RECOGNIZE THE DANGER OF EVIL'S CONQUERING--- BUT WE WILL TRY TO CONQUER EVIL INSTEAD! WE HAVE FAITH IN MANKIND AND CIVILIZATION!

BLACKHAWKS? I'VE HEARD OF YOU, EVEN IN THIS REMOTE HIDING PLACE! I AM DOUBLY HONORED AND FORTUNATE THAT YOU CAME--- LET'S HAVE DINNER IN THE INNER CAVE!







ZE PRECIOUS  
JEWELS...  
**MAGNIFIQUE!**

DR. OMEGA MADE THEM  
ARTIFICIALLY! HE CON-  
SIDERS THEM ONE  
OF HIS LESSER  
EXPERIMENTS!



VOT A STRANGE  
STATUE! AS BIG AS  
OLAF AND ALMOST  
AS UGLY!

IT IS A ROBOT! DO NOT  
FEAR IT...IT DOES NOT  
MOVE UNLESS DR.  
OMEGA TURNS ON  
ITS LIFE MOTOR!



YOU ARE AWARE, OF  
COURSE THAT THIS  
IS ONLY A COMMON  
GAS MASK---

YA, BUT WHAT BAN  
DESE COTS? MAYBE  
DAS TOUGH GUYS WE  
BAN MAKE YUMP OFF  
CLIFF SLEEP NYAR?



THAT WAS THE PLAN,  
OLAF! BUT SINCE DR.  
OMEGA'S SERVANTS  
ARE NO LONGER WITH  
US, PERHAPS YOU WILL  
BE COMFORTABLE  
SLEEPING  
THERE!

YOU MAKE TO PUT  
ON ZE MASK, MA'M-  
SELLE MOTH! BUT  
EET EES ZE CRIME  
TO COVER UP SO  
BEAUTIFUL A  
FACE!



YOU ARE FLATTERING,  
ANDRE... BUT I DON'T  
WANT TO BREATHE  
WHAT YOU'LL  
BE BREATHING!

**GAS  
BOMB!**



QUIET, HENDRICKSON!  
YOU WILL BE QUIET...  
FOR A LONG TIME!







SLEEP, GENTLEMEN!  
SAVE YOUR STRENGTH  
AND WISDOM---FOR A  
HUNDRED YEARS!

WHAT  
GOES ON  
HERE?



WHY ARE YOU ALL GAS-  
MASKED UP, LADY? AND  
HOW DID OUR FRIENDS  
GET SO SLEEPY ALL OF  
A SUDDEN?

IT IS DIFFICULT TO  
EXPLAIN! ALLOW ME  
TO TURN ON THE LIFE  
MOTOR OF THE  
ROBOT---



THIS AIR--- SLEEPY---  
RUN, CHOP CHOP!  
WARN BLACKHAWK!

ME  
DO!



SO! THAT LITTLE YELLOW  
MONKEY IS HARDLY  
WORTH DR. OMEGA'S  
SCIENTIFIC  
SAVING!



THEIR WITS LEFT THEM  
QUICKLY AT A WHIFF OF THE  
SLEEPING GAS! NOW TO  
BLOW IT AWAY WITH THIS  
FAN---



AND THE PRESERVING  
CURRENT WILL SUR-  
ROUND THEM ON  
THEIR COTS! NOW  
TO INFORM DR.  
OMEGA!



YOU SPEAK OF SAVING THE  
HUMAN RACE BY YOUR SCIENCE  
AFTER A HUNDRED  
YEARS, DOCTOR!  
BUT THAT'S MORE  
THAN A LIFETIME!

AS A  
SCIENTIFIC  
PHILOSOPHER, I

SUGGEST THAT  
MY LIFETIME MAY  
EXTEND BEYOND THE  
AVERAGE! IT IS FOR  
THAT REASON I  
HAVE RENAMED  
MYSELF DR. OMEGA,  
THE LAST MAN OF  
OUR CIVILIZATION!





PARDON ME IF I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE, SIR!

WE MAY ENTER INTO IT LATER! MOTH RETURNS WITH A REPORT!



EVERYTHING IS AS YOU PLANNED IT, DR. OMEGA!

EXCUSE ME, BLACKHAWK, WHILE I CHECK CERTAIN EXPERIMENTS! MOTH WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY!



YOU SMILE, MOTH! ARE YOU AMUSED OR JUST HAPPY?

HAPPY AS I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE, BLACKHAWK! I LOOK FORWARD TO SUCH GREAT AND TRIUMPHANT ADVENTURE BY YOUR SIDE!



THE FAR FUTURE HOLDS MUCH FOR US! WE WILL RULE OVER A NEW WORLD, BUILT FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THE OLD!

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A MIND READER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT!



LISTEN, BLACKHAWK! YOU WILL SLEEP SOON... AND WHEN YOU WAKEN IT WILL BE ANOTHER CENTURY! BUT I WILL BE THERE TO WELCOME YOU, AND THEN....

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE TALKED YOURSELF OUT OF THAT FUTURE CHANCE, MOTH!



DR. OMEGA! DON'T... OHHHH!

THAT BULLET WAS REALLY MEANT FOR YOU, BLACKHAWK! IT'S ONE OF MY FEW MISTAKES...AND I'M NOT PARTICULARLY SORRY FOR IT!



SHE'S DEAD, OMEGA!  
YOU MURDERED  
HER!

SHE PREFERRED YOU TO  
ME! I WAS GOING TO  
TAKE HER A HUNDRED  
YEARS INTO THE FUTURE,  
TO REIGN WITH ME OVER  
THE WORLD! NOW I'LL  
REIGN ALONE!

I HAD PERFECTED A POWER  
RAY TO HOLD MY MEN AS IF IN  
SLEEP UNTIL A CENTURY HAD  
PASSED! THEN WE WOULD  
WAKEN, WITH OUR SUPPLIES  
AND WEAPONS READY TO HAND---  
GO FORTH TO TAKE POSSESSION  
OF THE WORLD AS IT LAY  
WEAK AND HELPLESS  
AFTER THE WARS  
TO COME!

BUT WE DESTROYED  
YOUR MEN! THEY  
WEREN'T FIERCE  
ENOUGH TO KILL  
US!

SO I SAW---AND DECIDED  
TO SUBSTITUTE YOUR  
GROUP! UNDER MY  
LEADERSHIP THEY WILL BE  
A PERFECT SET OF SUB-  
ORDINATES, TO ORGANIZE  
AND COMMAND UNDER  
ME!

YOU HAVE THEM  
IN THE GRIP OF  
YOUR POWER  
RAY?

SOON I SHALL  
SLEEP BESIDE THEM,  
UNTIL THE TIME SET  
FOR WAKING! BUT  
YOU'RE TOO DANGEROUS  
TO ME---I  
DOUBT IF I COULD  
TRUST YOU! SO---

TAKE  
THESE  
BULLETS!

JUST LAY THEM  
ON THE TABLE!

I HAVE A SLEEP  
PRODUCER OF MY  
OWN, DR. OMEGA!







YOU ARE ONLY MEN OF BONE AND MUSCLE! THESE ROBOTS ARE OF STEEL! YOU CANNOT OVERCOME THEM!

STEEL...YES! FIGHT STEEL WITH STEEL!

THESE ARE HIGH-POWERED RIFLES YOU STORED FOR YOUR FUTURE USE, DR. OMEGA! THEY DAMAGE EVEN ROBOTS!

ONE DOWN, MEN! HANDLE THE OTHERS!

HAWKAAA!

HIT HIM LOW, HENDRICKSON!

THERE ARE STILL BULLETS IN THIS GUN!

NO MORE COWARDLY SHOTS IN THE BACK!

OMEGA RUNS, PARBLEU!

BUT BLACKHAWK CAN RUN FASTER!





Such schemes as rogues have wrought,  
We always bring to nought...  
**WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!**





BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

The name of **Blackhawk** is known and feared wherever criminals meet to plot their crimes! And the name of **FEAR**, herself, goes hand in hand with their swift retribution against the evildoer!

But the mysterious, remote desert city of El Kebir had never heard of **FEAR** or **BLACKHAWK** ...until a savage scheme of robbery and death brought them...and **JUSTICE!**





At Blackhawk Island, there is a peaceful hull in the Blackhawk's battle against oppression....

IT'S GOOD TO REST A BIT, ISN'T IT, CHOP CHOP?

YES...EVERYTHING SO PEACEFUL, CHOP CHOP THINK MAYBE WE WORK OURSELVES OUT OF JOB!



Meanwhile, in a far-distant desert land...

THE SUN IS SETTING, ALI! WE MUST STRIKE CAMP NOW IF WE ARE TO CROSS THE PLAIN BEFORE IT RISES AGAIN!

MANY A CARAVAN TRAVELING BY NIGHT OF LATE HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY WILD BEASTS, YUSSUF BIN HAMADU... BUT BY DAY THE DANGER FROM HEAT WILL BE EVEN GREATER! WE WILL CROSS NOW!



While the camels plod their way across the still scorching plain, other creatures are abroad!

GO! AND DO NOT RETURN BEFORE YOUR WORK IS DONE!



THE CAMELS ARE UNEASY, YUSSUF! THIS PLACE IS ACCURSED!

A FEW HOURS HENCE WE WILL REACH EL KEBIR! THEN--



MERCIFUL ALLAH! LOOK!

NEVER HAVE I HEARD OF TIGERS IN KARGA-YA... BUT WE WILL DISCUSS THE MATTER SOME OTHER TIME!



A brief, fantastic struggle is waged in the moonlit desert, then...



...the attackers retreat from the scene--leaving their prey to the vultures!





And as the sun rises again... the only witnesses to the scene are the carrion birds of the desert... until...



SEE! THE TRACKS OF WILD BEASTS!



KARAYA HAS CLAIMED ITS VICTIMS! THERE LIE YUSSUF BIN HAMADU AND POOR ALI!

AND SEE...THIEVES HAVE COME TO PLUNDER THE CARAVAN DURING THE NIGHT!

A VALUABLE CARGO... BUT NEVER MIND THAT! WE MUST TAKE THEM BACK TO EL KEBIR FOR A DECENT BURIAL!



MANY TIMES HAVE WE ORGANIZED DRIVES TO HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY THESE MARAUDERS... BUT WE CAN NEVER FIND THEIR LAIRS!

LOOK, KADI! A SOLITARY RIDER... A WOMAN!



A WOMAN OF THE WEST, KADI! AND EVEN FROM TH'S DISTANCE I CAN SEE THAT SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

STRANGE THAT SHE SHOULD BE HERE! SUCH A PRIZE WOULD FETCH A HIGH PRICE IN THE SLAVE MARKET AT EL KEBIR!









THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A FUNERAL PROCESSION THAN A CARAVAN!

ALAS! SEVEN CARAVANS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED IN AS MANY MONTHS BY WILD BEASTS! IF THIS CONTINUES, I WILL BE A POOR MAN... AND EL KEBIR WILL BE STARVING! ONLY LAST NIGHT THESE MEN WERE KILLED... AND THE RICH LOADS OF THE CAMELS PLUNDERED!

BEASTS OF PREY DON'T KILL FOR FUN, NOR DO THEY CARRY OFF MERCHANDISE! HOW THEN...

AH... DOUBTLESS WANDERING NOMAD TRIBESMEN PLUNDERED THE CARGO AFTER MY MEN WERE KILLED! BUT THERE IS EL KEBIR!

DEIGN TO ENTER MY HOUSE, MISS FEAR! YOU WILL FIND EVERY LUXURY AWAITING YOU! YOU WILL EVEN HAVE THE COMPANY OF ONE OF YOUR OWN RACE! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE DR. MAXIM SPROWLE!

CHARMED!

IT'S INCREDIBLE, MISS FEAR! YOU... A WOMAN... ALONE IN EL KEBIR? A DESERT INHABITED BY BEASTS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU!

I FIND IT UNNECESSARY TO ACCOUNT TO ANYONE FOR MY WHEREABOUTS, DR. SPROWLE... AND THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN WILD BEASTS!

THE MERCHANTS OF THE CITY ARE CLAMORING OUTSIDE THE PALACE, KADI! THEY HAVE HEARD THAT THE CARAVAN IN WHICH THEY INVESTED HAS BEEN PLUNDERED AGAIN!

ORDER THEM TO DISPERSE... OR MY GUARDS WILL FIRE ON THEM!

THIS SERVANT WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS, MISS FEAR... BUT FIRST, ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU SOME REFRESHMENT IN THE GARDEN!

THANK YOU, BUT I'LL GO TO MY ROOM FIRST AND JOIN YOU LATER!

On the seclusion of her room, Fear unpacks her wireless and...

CALLING BLACKHAWK ISLAND! CALLING BLACKHAWK ISLAND! THIS IS FEAR!







DEIGN TO ENTER  
OUR CITY, MOST  
NOBLE EFFENDI!  
OUR KADI AWAITS  
YOU AND ASKS  
THAT YOU BE  
HIS GUEST!

THANKS! WE'LL  
BE GRATEFUL  
FOR SHELTER

**Suddenly...**

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU  
GO, FOREIGN SWINE!  
OUR KADI HAS ORDERED  
YOUR DEATH...  
**UGH!**

MAKE FOR THE PALACE! WE'LL  
FIGHT THEM OFF  
FROM  
THERE!

**HAWK-AA-A!**

BY YIMMINY!  
THIS BAN NOT  
VERY POLITE  
RECEPTION!

THE DOOR'S  
LOCKED...  
WE'RE TRAPPED,  
BLACKHAWK!

THE BLACK-  
HAWKS HAVE  
BEEN IN TIGHT  
PLACES  
BEFORE!

WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT  
THEM OFF AS LONG  
AS WE CAN, MEN! I'LL  
TRY TO BREAK DOWN  
THE D...

THAT WON'T  
BE NECESSARY,  
BLACKHAWK!  
INSIDE,  
QUICK!

THANKS, FEAR! WE  
GOT YOUR MESSAGE...  
BUT BEFORE WE TALK  
IT OVER, I WANT A  
PRIVATE WORD WITH  
THE BOSS OF THIS  
PLACE!

SOMETHING TELLS  
ME HE'S NOT EXPECT-  
ING YOU... ALIVE! HE'S  
IN THE GARDEN! GOOD  
LUCK!











YOUR SNOOPING HAS ALMOST SPOILED EVERYTHING... BUT NOT QUITE! YEARS OF EXPERIMENT TAUGHT ME HOW TO CONTROL THE BRAINS OF ANIMALS ELECTRONICALLY, SO THAT MY WILL IS THEIR WILL... AS YOU SHALL SEE!

THE ANIMALS HAVE TURNED THIS WAY... THEY'RE COMING BACK!



DEFEND YOURSELVES, MEN... UNTIL I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THOSE CONTROLS!

IT'S TOO LATE... YOU'LL BE TORN TO PIECES! HA! HA! HA!



GOOD WORK, FEAR! NOW WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET THE SITUATION IN HAND!

LOOK! ZE ANIMALS ZEY HAVE STOP! ZEY ARE FROZEN LIKE STATUES!



NICE KITTY!

NOW THAT SPROWLE HAS LOST HIS GADGET, HIS MENAGERIE HAS NO WILL... IT CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!



WE'LL TAKE THESE MEN BACK TO EL KEBIR AND HAND THEM OVER TO LOCAL JUSTICE... IF THERE IS ANY! LEAVE THE ANIMALS HERE-- THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM!

ABD AL GEBR! AND YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD TAKE CARE OF THESE INTRUDERS!



ALL OUR PLANS, SPOILED! A FEW MORE CARAVANS AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN RICH!

PIPE DOWN, YOU TWO!



LOOK! IT SEEMS OUR TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET!

GET SET, MEN!





THERE ARE THE FOREIGN SWINE WHO KIDNAPPED OUR KADI! BIND THEM! TAKE THEM TO THE TORTURE!

WAIT A MOMENT, CHUM! YOU'VE GOT THINGS MIXED UP A BIT!

SURRENDER OR YOU ARE DEAD MEN! HOW DARE YOU LAY HANDS ON THE SACRED PERSON OF OUR KADI?

OK... DO YOU WANT THEM TO KEEP ROBBING YOUR CARAVANS?



CARAVANS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WITH THE HELP OF DOCTOR SPROWLE AND HIS ELECTRONICALLY HYPNOTIZED ANIMALS, YOUR KADI HAS BEEN PLUNDERING CARAVANS AND KILLING THEIR DRIVERS! HERE'S WHAT THEY DID IT WITH!

THE EFFENDI SPEAKS TRUTH, AMAR! YONDER ARE THE BEWITCHED ANIMALS... MOTIONLESS AS IMAGES!

THEN OUR KADI WAS A TRAITOR TO ALL OF US... HIS SUBJECTS! YUSSUF BIN HAMADU THE CAMEL DRIVER WHO WAS KILLED, WAS MY FRIEND!



WE'LL CHOOSE A NEW KADI! KILL HIM!

I GUESS THEY'LL RECEIVE JUSTICE OF A KIND! NOW THAT OUR JOB'S DONE, CAN WE TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE, FEAR?

NO THANKS, BLACKHAWK! I GO MY OWN WAY... IN MY OWN FASHION!



As the Blackhawks wing back towards Blackhawk Island, Fear continues on her way... in her own fashion!





# CHOP CHOP









HA! HA! YOU DOLT! DO YOU THINK MY SORCERY CAN BE LEARNED BY ANYONE? GO AWAY! FOOLS ANNOY ME!

VELLY UNPLEASANT RECEPTION!

SOMEDAY ME LEARN TILKS THAT MAKE YOURS LOOK SICK! THEN YOU NOT EVEN ABLE TO GET JOB IN NIGHT CLUB!

BAH! AND TO THINK I PAY A MAN TO KEEP JUST SUCH IDIOTS AWAY FROM ME!

SO! YOU ARE HERE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO LET ANYONE ENTER MY DRESSING ROOM!

BOSS, I WAS GONNA STOP HIM --- BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HIM AND I WAS TRYING TO MAKE IT OUT!

YOUR EXCUSE BORES ME!

BUT, BOSS, I RECOGNIZED HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE BLACKHAWK BAND!

WHO CARES... W-WHAT? THE BLACK-HAWK BAND, DID YOU SAY?

YEAH! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED! I'LL BET WE BOTH GOT THE SAME ANGLE!

THE BLACKHAWKS, EN? FAMOUS FOR THEIR LOYALTY AND DEVOTION TO EACH OTHER, AND FABULOUSLY WEALTHY WITH THE TREASURES OF THEIR INNUMERABLE REWARDS AND GIFTS!

JUST THE LINES I WAS FIGURIN' ALONG!

THEY WOULD PAY A KING'S RANSOM TO RECOVER A LOST MEMBER OF THEIR BAND! AND I WOULD NO LONGER HAVE TO WASTE MY GIFTS ENTERTAINING IDLERS IN NIGHT CLUBS!

NATCH, BOSS! WE PUT THE SNATCH ON THIS MUGG, AND WITH YOUR MAGIC YOU KEEP MAKING HIM DISAPPEAR UNTIL THE BLACKHAWKS PAY OFF!







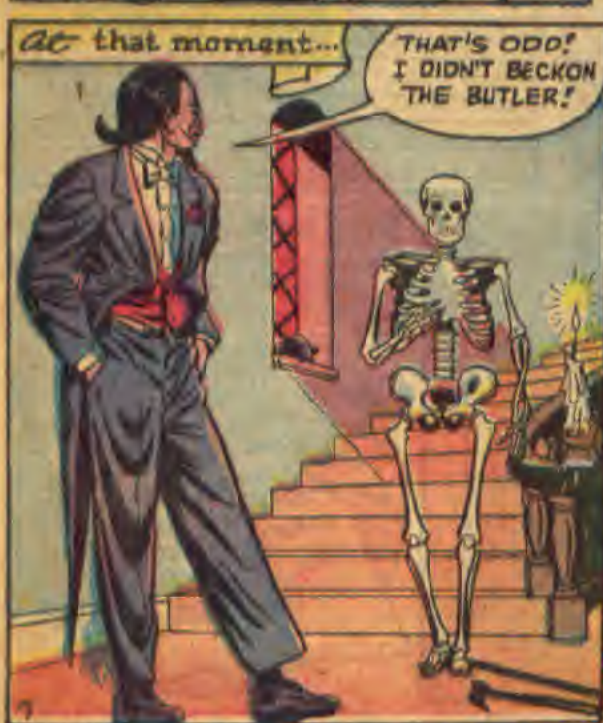














BLACKHAWK





# RAIN MAKER

**B**LACKHAWK Island lay calm and sun-drenched in a quiet ocean. Just what ocean nobody knows, because just where Blackhawk Island is located is a mystery. The Blackhawks are always in action all over the world—or almost always, they still remember when, for a full week, no messages came in over the various receiving devices that reposed on this island of intricate devices. This was the headquarters of the most famous band of crime-busters in the world, headed by Blackhawk himself, famous throughout the globe.

For a full week, the men of the band had lain about, sunning themselves, grumbling at the inactivity, hopeful that something would happen to break the monotony. Nothing had.

They played cards. They indulged in many sports of the ancients, in which they were well versed. They talked and argued and bickered and made bets on when a call would come in. But none came.

"Boys," said Blackhawk, "you act like a lot of prisoners. What if you were actually in durance vile?"

Chuck, the only American of the group except Blackhawk, said, "What do you call this?"

"Yah," grumbled Hendrickson, the Dutchman. "If dis is not prison, I would not like to see der real ding!"

"Moi," said Andre, very French. "I do not mind ze respite from work at all. Ze beach is warm and ze ocean sparkles. Let work take a vacation!"

"Pooh, listen to him!" snorted Stanislaus, the Balkan. "One would think that our fair Andre were—what do you call it?—faint heart, no?"

Everyone chuckled.

Andre snapped, "Merci beaucoup, Stan! That is the first complee-ment I have had, oui. The faint heart—ah, eet ees most becoming to one so elevair, so smarr-rt, so brilliant, no?"

The Scandinavian Olaf, his face clouded, sighed in a heavy manner. "It ban all the same to me, boys. I rest here. Soon I work, or fight, you watch. This leetle delay, this leetle rest . . . Ah, I like it well, enough, ja!"

Blackhawk, the leader, came into the room at this time and grinned. "You lads still at it?" he said. "Well you've all said your piece except Chop Chop." He turned to the little Chinese, a valuable member of the organization. "What's your opinion, Chop?"

"Heh-heh!" chuckled the little Oriental. "Me, I dunno. Mebbeso big thing strike fast. Mebbeso nothing come. Me, aller sames okay. Heh-heh!"

"Logic," said Blackhawk. "Sound logic. The only member of the band who takes things as they come, and doesn't grumble. Thanks, Chop."

Chop Chop grinned as he picked up a tray. Then he turned as he was about to leave the huge room. "Mebbeso somet'ing break now, huh?"

Was it prescience, intuition, Oriental premonition?

Blackhawk struck a pose, as he sometimes did when about to deliver himself of something important.

"Boys, Chop Chop is far ahead of you all. He is either a good guesser or he has something none of us have. We're going out on a mission."

Cheers! The big room resounded for a moment. Blackhawk held up his hand. "Good. I'm glad to see that you youngsters are still able and willing to work. But this is not a fight we're about to tackle. It's thinking. Do I see frowns?"

"Speech!" shouted Chuck. "Give, boss!"

"All right," said Blackhawk. "As you probably have not heard, there is a drought over Arizona way, in the States. The Hopi and Navajo and Maricopa Indians are having a tough time of it. Their sheep are dying of thirst; their crops the same. They need rain. They've got to have rain."

There was a silence.

Blackhawk nodded. "I know what you're thinking. We're not heavenly beings who can command rain. But combined among us somewhere there is the brains to make rain. Get me? Make rain for these poor folk. What do you say?"

No answer. Here was a problem. Every member of the organization strode off by himself, pondering deeply. Make rain! Some people prayed for it. Others accepted the drought, their loss mitigated by nothing more than fond hope. Hope for rain. The Indians did strange things; rituals, ceremonies, outlandish contortings by their medicine men and shamans. Sometimes rain fell. But no rain had fallen in Arizona for many weeks. It was up to the Blackhawks to make rain!

For a week, every member was busy working on a theory. Testing, trying. Nothing worked. Arizona baked the harder. More sheep died. More crops burned to a crisp. More people starved. . . .

Blackhawk paced the floor of his personal laboratory, deep in thought. Was there a way to force open the clouds of heaven and make them pour forth a life-giving shower of moist-



## BLACKHAWK

ure? To tap the rain clouds? To create a storm?

Olaf the Scandinavian shook his head. "Nay, 'twould be tampering with things beyond us," he said.

"Yab," mumbled Hendrickson, the Dutch-  
man.

Stanislaus, who thought along strictly scientific lines, pondered for a moment. Then he lifted his grizzled head and regarded the group with a half grin.

"Maybe it could be done, if one could bring together the clouds. But"—he spread his large hands in a futile gesture. "How to bring together the cloud packs?"

"There must be an easier and less involved way to make rain," said Chuck. "Man has conquered nearly everything else; why not the heavens?"

Blackhawk said, "I wouldn't say that it was exactly conquering the heavens; rather, it would be simply a matter of causing them to respond to something. The Indians, you'll recall, use prayer to the rain god. Sometimes it works, too."<sup>14</sup>

"Yeah," laughed Chuck. "Whenever the old medicine man has caught a peek at a distant cloud, and feels pretty certain."

"You're an unbeliever, Chuck," grinned Blackhawk. "But come, gentlemen; let us try logical reasoning in this matter. . . . Shall we go down to the main lab? Sometimes rows of bottles and an array of scientific machinery will prompt honest thought."

They made their way down to the lower laboratory and found seats, while each man bent himself toward a solution to this problem.

But it was two days later that Blackhawk himself came up with the solution. Or at least he had an idea which he thought might work. He suggested, after explaining his stunt, that they take off in a large plane and fly over Arizona. They'd have an opportunity to look over the baked land and, if circumstances permitted, they might try their proposed experiment.

The Indian country of Arizona is never a

lush land. It bakes for most of the year under merciless suns. Whenever rain falls, a magic green carpet spreads over the hills and the temperature falls. Then the Indians—Hopis, Navajos and Maricopas—are happy. Then they know that their sheep and crops will not perish.

For months now the drought had lasted, and death stalked the land. The medicine men had given up shooting flaming arrows into the sky and chanting their dismal chants. The gods were angry and had turned away their faces.

The chants in the small, scorching hogans now were those of misery and despair and defeat.

The old chiefs stood on high cliffs and gazed into the distances searching for a cloud—even a small one. None did they see. There was no hope.

And then abruptly the sun dimmed. It grew cooler and a shadow passed over the land. The chiefs looked at each other and then gave grateful thanks to the rain gods who had brought at least relief from the blazing sun.

But what was their unutterable joy when a few drops of rain fell! The few drops grew into a slow drizzle, then into a light shower. The shower progressed and now suddenly it poured a solid storm of cool rain. The Indians fell on their knees in the mud and cried with happiness. The sheep struggled to their feet and lapped the precious droplets.

The rain lasted for a full two hours, swelling the mountain torrents, bringing life again in the parched land . . . and yet there had never been a cloud visible!

The Indians couldn't understand this, but the authorities in Phoenix could—after Blackhawk explained the whole thing to them. They had flown at great height, where the eye could not carry, and found a cloud of some size. On this cloud they had dumped tons of dry ice pellets. Condensation had done the rest, making rain.

This several years ago. It's a common practice now.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1907, AND JULY 3, 1911 OF BLACKHAWK, published quarterly at Mpls., N. D. for October 1, 1917.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT  
SUNDAY, 17 FEBRUARY 1908

[illegible][illegible]

Offering by Underwriter: **Clifford F. Adams, LeRoy Fenn, and Greenwald, Dunn, Cooney, Maguire, Inc., 578 Broadway, New York, New York.**

2. That the amount of scheduled mortgages and other debt obligations owing on 1-1-82 is 3 per cent or more of total amount of fixed, mortgaged or other assets; or (B) there are more or more than 1 fixed

4. That the term management does mean, during the period of the company's bookkeeping and accounting history, if any, similar to and with the list of stockholders and security holders; as they appear upon the books of the company, and that in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in some other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and that the said term paragraph merely indicates reference should be had to the records and books of the corporation and not to the stockholders and security holders and company records and books, upon the basis of which the said stock and security holders are determined; and that the term "all the stock and security of a bond issue of any company, and all claims due the same or payable for such claims, demands, or obligations" has no implied, direct or indirect, or other meaning, limits, or other qualifications than as so stated in this.

DAVID L. M. ANDERSON, Editor

Given to and acknowledged before me this 11th day of September, 1917

FRANCIS J. KELFA-SACKS, Notary Public, Commonwealth of New York, April 1, 1918.



# BLACKHAWK

ACCURSED BE THE  
ONE WHO DESPOILETH  
MY TOMB!

Thus spake the words  
inscribed on the  
pyramid of RA-ANETH!  
And the curse rose  
from the ageless dust  
of the past, groped its  
way through the stygian  
blackness of a tomb  
buried beneath a  
mountain of rock, and  
entered the world of the  
living to strike ruth-  
lessly at the holder of  
its ancient secret! By  
sheer chance, the valiant  
Blackhawks stumble  
on the mystery of  
The TOMB of RA-ANETH!





BLACKHAWK







OK? WH--WHERE AM I? WHAT--

DO NOT FEAR, M'AMSELLE --- YOUR ATTACKER HAS FLED? WHY DID HE DO THIS? WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



P-PLEASE! DO NOT ASK! THANK YOU, BUT I MUST GO---I MUST!

EH, QUOI? BUT WAIT! YOU HAVE NOT ANSWERED MY QUESTION!



SHE MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS... A BEAUTIFULLY MADE EGYPTIAN SCARAB!

HELAS! 'EET BEE TOO LATE TO CHASE HER NOW, MON AMI! WE WEE! AT LEAST RETAIN A SOUVENIR OF THEES STRANGE AFFAIR!



SAPRISTI! DUCK, QUEECK!



LE DIABLE? BEF I GET MY HANDS ON ZAT PEEG, I---

WAIT, ANDRE! THAT FELLOW IS TOO CRAFTY TO LET HIMSELF BE CAUGHT NOW! BESIDES, THIS DAGGER INTERESTS ME MORE!



NASTY LOOKING LITTLE GADGET, EH? IT'S EGYPTIAN WORKMANSHIP OR I MISS MY GUESS!

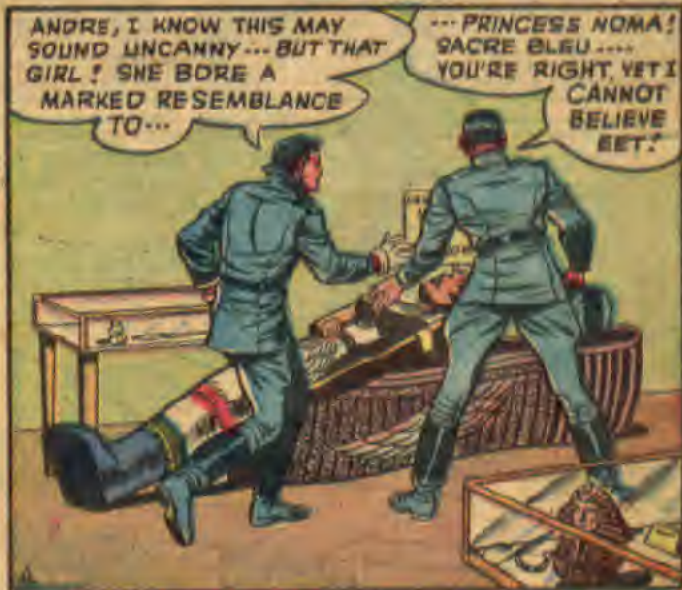
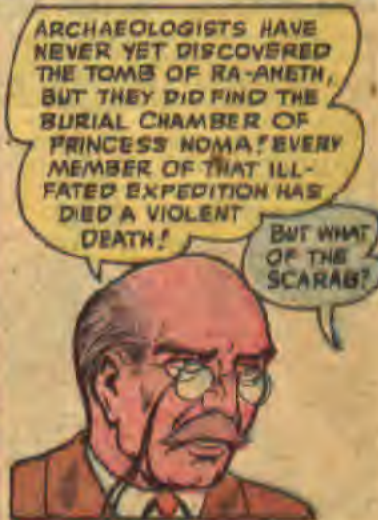
I DON'T LIKE THEES, BLACK-HAWK! WE VISIT AN EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, RESCUE AN EGYPTIAN GIRL AND NOW... AN EGYPTIAN DAGGER!



PERHAPS 'EET BEE MY IMAGINATION, BUT I THINK I HAVE SEEN THAT GIRL BEFORE!

I HAVE THE SAME SUSPICION, ANDRE! BUT I CAN'T PLACE HER! THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM MAY BE ABLE TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON THEES ODD SOUVENIRS WE'VE COLLECTED!









NO...NO!  
HELLP!  
YEEOWR...  
ARGH!

THAT  
SCREAM!  
QUICK,  
ANDRE!  
THE  
CURATOR!



MON-DIEU! ZAT  
KNIFE EES BURIED  
TO ZE HILT! SPEAK, MON  
AMI! GEEV US SOME  
CLUE AS TO WHO HAS  
DONE THEES TERRIBLE  
THING!

BAAL, THE  
DEVOURER...  
F-FIND SECRET...  
IN TOMB... RA-  
ANETH! THEY  
ARE AFTER  
SCARAB OF...  
DEATH...  
OHhhh!



HE'S GONE,  
ANDRE! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
TO THE  
BOTTOM  
OF THIS  
THING!

VRAIMENT!  
WE HAVE  
OUR CLUES--  
ZE SCARAB  
AND ZE  
TOMB OF  
RA-ANETH!  
ALLONS!

Later, a valiant band takes off on a mission of intrigue, mystery...and perhaps DEATH!

WE'LL FLY A TIGHT  
FORMATION, MEN!  
AND KEEP YOUR  
EYES PEELED  
FOR LANDMARKS!

IN EGYPT DER LANDMARKS ISS  
HARD TO FIND! DERE ISS ONLY  
VUN OR TWO... UND DEY ARE  
PYRAMIDS!



HERE WE ARE,  
MEN! FLAPS DOWN  
AND LAND EASY!  
THAT DESERT SAND  
IS TREACHEROUS!

ROGER!



WELCOME TO DAHSUR!  
I BRING GREETINGS FROM  
HIS EXCELLENCY, SHEIK  
ABD EL RHASSID!

THANK YOU! WE DID  
NOT EXPECT A RECEPTION  
FROM ONE SO  
ILLUSTRIOUS!

THE SHEIK ASKS  
THAT YOU GRACE  
HIS HUMBLE TABLE  
WITH YOUR PRESENCE,  
STRANGER FROM  
THE SKY!

RETURN MY  
COMPLIMENTS  
TO THE SHEIK  
AND SAY WE  
HUMBLY  
ACCEPT HIS  
GENEROUS  
INVITATION!





BOYS, WORD OF OUR MISSION HAS PRECEDED US HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT IF THE SHEIK IS SINCERE! STAY ON YOUR TOES AND WATCH ME DURING THIS BLOWOUT!

CHECK!



In the luxurious palace of the desert sheik...


WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR HUMBLE LAND, SAHIB? THE FLASHING EYE OF VEILED BEAUTY... THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE ORIENT... OR PERHAPS HIDDEN TREASURES?

HA! HA! NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT, SHEIK! WE'RE MERELY TOURISTS, ANXIOUS TO GLIMPSE THE CHARM AND ALLURE OF THIS ANCIENT LAND!



FOREIGNERS HAVE COME TO MY COUNTRY IN MANY GUISES, WITH MANY FACES! UNDERNEATH THEIR MASKS, HOWEVER, HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DESIRE TO DIG FOR THE RICHES AND TREASURES OF THE PHAROAHs!

TREASURE HOLDS NO INTEREST FOR ME, SHEIK! I WOULD RATHER STUDY THE LORE OF YOUR ANCIENT KINGS THAN DESECRATE THEIR TOMBS!



HEARKEN, SWINE! YOUR MASTER BECKONS YOU TO BRING THE POISONED WINE!

IT IS AS YOU HAVE PLANNED, GREAT ONE! THE INFIDELS WILL SOON BE IN ANOTHER WORLD, AND OUR ILLUSTRIOUS SHEIK WILL OWN THE SACRED SCARAB AND ITS SECRET!



PSST! BLACKHAWK MAKES DER SIGN OF DANGER! IT MUST BE THE WINE!

CHOP CHOP! DON'T WANT TO SPOIL TASTE OF VELLY DELICIOUS MEAL WITH MICKEY FINNEE!



MAY ALLAH PAVE YOUR ROAD WITH SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS, BOTH IN THIS WORLD AND THE WONDROUS HEREAFTER!

ALLAH IS TOO ANXIOUS TO MEET US! I HOPE THE BOYS CAUGHT MY SIGNAL!



WE HAVE MUCH TO DO WHEN THE SUN RISES, SHEIK! YOU WILL FORGIVE OUR HASTY DEPARTURE, I'M SURE!

OH, YES... ER, MY SERVANTS WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOMS! MY HOUSE IS HONORED WITH YOUR PRESENCE, BLACKHAWK!





CHECK THOSE DOORS AND WINDOWS, MEN! THE SHEIK WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GAIN HIS ENDS! APPARENTLY THE SCARAB HOLDS A SECRET EVEN MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE TOMB OF RA-ANETH!

PERHAPS ZE TOMB OF RA-ANETH EES ZE SECRET OF ZE SCARAB, EH?

That night, the silent moon and stars bear mute witness to a murderous plot ....

THE INFIDEL DOGS SLEEP SOUNDLY, MASTER! THE WINE HAS DROWNED THEIR SENSES!

GOOD! THE TALL ONE KNOWN AS BLACKHAWK WEARS THE SCARAB ABOUT HIS NECK! CUT IT FROM HIM AND TAKE HIS HEAD BESIDES!

HA! THE FOREIGN DOGS DIE QUIETLY! QUICKLY, JAMAL! TAKE THE NECKLACE!



HA! WE HAVE BEEN DECEIVED! CUT THEM TO RIBBONS, YOU FOOLS!

YOUR JACKALS FIGHT WELL AGAINST PILLOWS AND BLANKETS! NOW LET THEM TEST THEIR TREACHERY AGAINST FLESH AND BONE! CLEAN 'EM UP, MEN!

THIS BRAND OF PUNCH IS MORE POTENT THAN THE STUFF YOU TRIED TO SLIP US, SHEIK!

GET LEADY, OLAF! WE MAKE ONE TRY FOR PLACE KICK!



LOOK! I WIPE ZE SMIRK OFF ZE FACE!

YOU SHOULD GET TOGEDDER MORE OFTEN, BOYS! TWO HEADS ISS ALWAYS BETTER DEN VUN!







TO THE PLANES, MEN!  
I HOPE THESE DEVILS  
HAVEN'T TAMPERED  
WITH THEM!

YOU INSISTED  
ON PLAYING TAG...  
NOW YOU'RE  
IT!

WE PUT DEM TO  
SLEEP... BUT  
IF DER PLANES  
ISS TOUCHED,  
VE'LL COME BACK  
UND TUCK DEM IN!



SALAAM ALEIKUM,  
SAHIB! ALLAH HAS  
SENT A POOR  
BEGGAR TO WATCH  
OVER THE PROPERTY  
OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS  
FOREIGNERS!

ALLAH HAS  
ALSO SENT  
US TROUBLE  
EVER SINCE  
WE  
ARRIVED!



PLEASE, SAHIB?  
FAHAD EL HUSSEIN  
IS POOR, BUT IN  
HIS HEAD IS THE  
WISDOM OF THE  
AGES! I AM THE  
BEST COOK, THE  
BEST WATCHER AND  
ALSO THE GREATEST  
GUIDE IN THE EAST!  
RETAIN ME, SAHIB!

HMM! YOU  
AREN'T  
EXACTLY  
MODEST,  
FAHAD!  
WELL, WE  
SHALL  
SEE!



BY THE BEARD  
OF THE PROPHET,  
YOU SHALL NOT  
BE SORRY, SAHIB!  
I WILL REVEAL TO  
YOU THE HIDDEN  
SECRETS OF THE  
KASBAH... AND EVEN  
THE CHERISHED  
TREASURES OF  
RA-ANETH!

WHAT?  
WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW  
OF RA-  
ANETH?



AHA! YOU ARE  
INTERESTED?  
YES, I ALONE  
KNOW OF THE  
ENTRANCE TO  
THE HIDDEN  
CHAMBERS  
OF RA-ANETH!

IF YOU VALUE  
YOUR SKIN,  
DON'T LIE  
TO ME,  
FAHAD!



I'M GOING WITH  
FAHAD TO CHECK  
ON THIS! YOU BOYS  
CAN ROAM AROUND  
AND SEE THE SIGHTS,  
BUT KEEP ONE MAN  
NEAR THE SHIPS!

BY GAR!  
WE BAN  
BETTER  
STICK  
TOGETHER  
AROUND  
THESE PARTS!  
TOO MANY  
CARVING  
KNIVES UNDER  
THOSE WHITE  
KIMONOS!



THE ROAD IS STEEP,  
SAHIB! THE ANCIENT KINGS  
KEPT WELL THEIR  
SECRETS!

NOT TOO WELL,  
CONSIDERING THAT  
EVEN TODAY SOME  
KNOW THEIR  
SECRETS, EH,  
FAHAD?



THROUGH THIS TUNNEL LIES THE PASSAGE TO THE PLUNDERED TOMB OF PRINCESS NOMA, AND BEYOND THAT LIES THE SECRET OF RA-ANETH!

HOW IS IT THAT NO MAN HAS SEEN THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF RA-ANETH, YET YOU IMPLY YOU KNOW ITS LOCATION?



I MERELY SAID THAT BEYOND THESE WALLS LIES THE SECRET OF RA-ANETH! THAT SECRET I DO NOT KNOW



SLICK AS AN EEL, FAHAD! HOWEVER, AS LONG AS WE'RE HERE, WE'LL TAKE IN THE SIGHTS!

WITHIN THE PIT LIES THE SECRET OF RA-ANETH! THE CHAMBER WE STAND IN IS MERELY THAT OF PRINCESS NOMA, WHICH HAS ALREADY BEEN PLUNDERED OF ALL ITS TREASURES, BUT ONE!



WHICH ONE IS THAT, FAHAD?

THE TREASURE YOU WEAR ABOUT YOUR NECK... THE SCARAB OF DEATH, WHICH WILL BRING THE RICHES OF A KING TO ME AND MY FOLLOWERS!



SO IT'S YOU, EH? THE KILLER WHO SOUGHT MY LIFE NEAR THE MUSEUM AND ALSO SOUGHT TO KILL THE GIRL! NOW IT BEGINS TO ADD UP... YOU'RE WORKING WITH SHEIK ABD EL RHASSID!

YES... AND I ALSO KILLED THE MEDDLER IN THE MUSEUM! AND NOW I'LL TEAR THE NECKLACE FROM YOU AND FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!



NEVER! IF I FALL, THE SCARAB FALLS WITH ME!

THE GODS HAVE WILLED THAT THEIR SECRET DIE WITH YOU... SO BE IT! I SHALL NOT OPPOSE THEIR WISHES!



Later, within the walls of the oriental city...

HOLA! ZERE GOES ZE NATIVE GUIDE... AND WITHOUT BLACKHAWK!



MAYBE SOMETHING ISS WRONG, EH? I DON'T TRUST HIM! LET'S QUESTION DER BEGGAR!











BY GAR! MY FEET BAN NO DISAPPOINTMENT! I HOPE THAT GUIDE BAN KNOW HIS WAY DOWN!

AYIII! ARRGH!



FERME, MES AMIS! ZERE EES A LONG WAY TO GO YET!

LOOKEE! PIT SLANTEE DOWN LIKE SLIDING POND! IS NOT TOO DANGEROUS!



ZE PIT EES TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING! HENDRICKSON, MAKE ZE ROPE FAST TO SOMETHING AND WE WEEEL DESCEND!

IF BLACKHAWK ISS DOWN DERE, HE MUST BE HURT BAD OR HE VOULD YELL TO US!



SACRE BLEU! LOOK, ZERE EES BLACKHAWK! HE SEEMS HURT!

QUICK! SOME COGNAC!



ORHH---MY HEAD! WHERE? WHAT? FELLOWS, THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE!

QUIETLY, MON AMI! EVERYTHING EES ALL RIGHT! YOU ARE ONLY STUNNED!



THE SCARAB IS GONE! THAT DEVIL MUST HAVE...

SCALAB OKAY! LOOKEE, ME FINDEE NECK-LACE --- BUT SCALAB BLOKE IN HALF!



CHOP CHOP'S RIGHT! AND LOOK---THERE'S A KEY! IT WAS INSIDE THE SCARAB!

SAPRISTI! ZERE EES A DIAGRAM ETCHED INSIDE--A DIAGRAM OF THEES VERY ROOM WE STAND IN, TO ZE LAST DETAIL!















# WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON  
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,  
IT'S GOT A NEW  
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BIKE PEDALS EASIER,  
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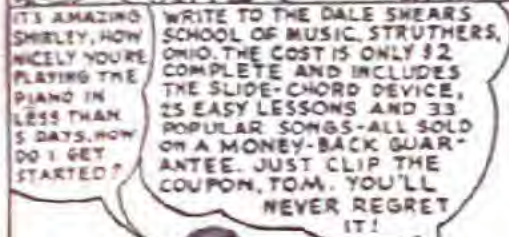


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WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



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...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN 'LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



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